SIEGE OF A WAGON TR

A Story of a Battle Between Souix Indians and Bullwhackers in the Early Days of Montana.

From the New York Sun.

This is a true story of a freighting trip and Indian fight that occurred in the far West in 1865. The narrator is a man famous among sportsmen who have visited the region where he lives. It may be added that in the precinct where he lives there were only five gold democrats last week. He was one of them.

'One July morning in 1865," he said, a freight train of 93 wagons, each drawn by eight yoke of oxen, rolled out Mont, to bring up some freight which the steamboats had unloaded on the Missouri at the mouth of Milk river. Fort Benton was really the head of navigation, but the water was very low that season, and few boats could get over the shallow bars between that point and our destination, 300 miles below

had recently come to Montana and was a green tenderfoot, one of a host of pilgrims lured West by the gold fever. But after prospecting about for a month or two I concluded that I wasn't a success as a miner. One hundred dollars a month for driving eight yoke of oxen seemed a much surer road to wealth than digging a hole in the ground with the chances of finding nothing but bare bedrock at the bottom of it. Thus it happened that I was one of the 93 bullwhackers who drove the straining cattle out of the rocky gulch and over the dusty trail through the sagebrush plain that hot July morning. On the farm at home I had driven oxen to the plough, so this work was not entirely new to me. In a day or two I became quite proficient with my 20-foot whip, and thought I could carck it almost as loudly as the best bullwhacker in the

"Next to the 'Diamond R.' reight train was the largest in the country; it was owned by Holmes & Balch, the former partner, being our wagon boss, or train master. It required a man of rare tact and judgment to handle a lot of the bull-whackers of that day whackers of that day, for no rougher, wilder set of men ever lived. Holmes was such a man. He did not fraternize with his employes, but was kind and considerate, low-voiced and pleasant in his speech, and consequently was well liked by all. Our lead bullwhacker, the man who drove the lead team, was Missouri Joe, said to be the team, was Missouri Joe, said to be the most expert man with a whip in the West. He knew every one of the 1,500 cattle in the train, and could tell to which team it belonged and its place in the line. It was won rful to see him handle his whip, which was 25 feet long and weighed 26 pounds without the stock. He could hit a four-bit place nine times out of 10 at 20 feet. piece nine times out of 10 at 20 feet; with a wide, driving popper on the end of it he could crack it as loud as the report of a small cannon; pointed with silk, it was a terrible weapon. Balch once bet a thousand dollars that Joe could whip a steer to death in 15 minutes. A large steer was turned into a corral, and carefully pointing his whip with silk, and betting \$300 himself on the result. Joe prepared to win the money. Standing in front of the ani-mal at the proper distance, he sent the the proper distance, he sent the long lash between its front legs, and back under the belly with a powerful sweep. The slender point of the lash cut open the steer's belly, and its inminutes it was dead.

"From Helena to Fort Benton, about 160 miles, we made good time. Arriving at the fort we were not allowed to proceed until an army officer had inspected our outfit, to see that we were fully prepared to fight any hostile Indians we might meet. Each bullwhacker was obliged to carry a revolver, and slung up on the outside of his wagon box, within easy reach, he was obliged to keep a rifle, powder horn and bullet pouch. In those days the country east of Fort Benton, along the Missouri, was infested by Assina-boine and Yanktonais Sioux, and war parties of other surrounding tribes. The military authorities would not allow freight trains of less than 100 men to go down into this country; but we were so near this number, 96 of us in-cluding the cook and night herder, and passed inspection so well, that we were told to proceed. The colonel, however, insisted on our taking one of his cannon, a four-pounder, which, heavily loaded with grapeshot, was attached to the rear end of my wagon, the last one in the train. Freighters going into this country were also obliged to hire a guide and scout, whose business it was to see that the train ran into no ambush, and incidentally to keep the outfit supplied with fresh meat. We fortunately secured the services of a man named Revois, an ex-employe of the American Fur company. only knew the country thoroughly, but also was married to a Gros Ventre squaw, and had lived with her people so long that he was up to all the tricks of the wily red man. We were all very glad that he was to accompany us, and as it turned out it was well for us he did. From Fort Benton to the mouth of

Milk river the trail was over the rolling prairie, but wood and water were abundant, and we made good time. Every morning at dawn the night herder brought in the cattle and we yoked up and drove until 10 o'clo when we turned out and had breakfast. At 12 o'clock we yoked up again and drove until 4 o'clock, when we had dinner; at 5:30 or 6 o'clock we were again on the road, and kept going until dark. In this way, with frequent opportunities to feed and rest, the catdid not get tired or footsore, and kept in good flesh.

"Nothing occurred on the down trip to hinder us. Day after day we travthrough an interminable herd of buffalo, but saw no Indians. Revols kept us well supplied with various kinds of meat, and we lived high. I amuse myself by shooting at the antelope as we traveled along, but never succeeded in hitting one. I often thought I would like to fire the cannon into a band of them, and made up my mind I would do so at the first oppor-

"When but three or four miles from destination, the trail turned abruptly to the right in order to cross a washout, and the train made a wide detour to strike the proper place. It was a bad crossing and we halted to give each team ample time. While waiting I happened to look back and saw a band of antelope not a quarter of a mile off. Quickly inserting a fuse I sighted the cannon at them and pulled the string. It was lucky for me that I stood on one side, for the plece bounded back and went under the wagon as far as the coupling would reach. In a few minutes Holmes

came back and asked me why I had fired the cannon; and with a wink I told him I guessed the old thing must have went off of its own accord. I thought that was the end of it, but in a little while a small squad of United States cavalry came hurrying up from the river, where they were guarding the freight, to see what was the trouble. They found us peacefully driving along the trail, but couldn't learn why or by whom the cannon had been fired, and went back to report. In an hour or so we reached the encampment, and had no sooner unyoked than the officer in charge, a young lieutenant fresh from West Point, sent a couple of soldiers to arrest me. I was taken to his tent, followed by our whole crowd, headed by Missouri Joe.

" 'See here, young man,' said the lieutenant, 'did you fire that cannon? "As I did not answer his question

promptly, for I was considering whether to say I did, or whether to refuse to answer at all, the officer got angry and continued: 'Won't answer me, eh? Sergeant,

take him to the guard house and keep him there until further orders.' "'No, you don't,' said Missouri Joe, stepping up to my side. 'This here kid ain't goin' to no guard house; that is,

not till you've fit an' licked this yere outfit of free an' independent bull-whackers. We are peaceable men and don't want to fire on Uncle Sam's flag, but Friday (my nickname) ain't goin' to no guard house."

"The lieutenant was probably never so surprised in his life. He stared at Missouri in speechless amazement and, eeing him hesitate, Missouri took me by the arm, saying:

"'Come, Kid, we've got to begin loading up,' and we all went back to the wagons. Nothing more was said about the affair. There were not more than 50 soldiers in the camp, and the leattern than 50 soldiers in the camp, and the leattern than 50 soldiers in the camp, and the lieutenant probably concluded he

couldn't arrest me.
"We worked hard to load up the outfit, six tons of freight being stowed in each wagon, and in a couple of days were on the trail for Helena. Five or six days after leaving the river we corralled the wagons and unyoked for dinnner by a big spring. While we were eating Revois, who had been on ahead, came in and said the country was alive with Indians.

"I seen only one," he said, but there's lots of signs. I b'lieve there

isn't less'n 200, and they're Sioux.'
"'Well,' said Holmes, 'if that's the

case, Revois, what shall we do? 'Stay right here to-night,' he replied. 'Let the cattle go. No use sending a night herder out with them, for he would be killed. The Indians will not bother the cattle, for they have plenty of better meat. What they want is the freight in these wagons and our scalps if they can get them.'

"That night we put on a heavy guard and slept in our clothes, ready at any moment to get up if called, but everything was quiet, and we began to think that Revois had been mistaken. At dawn, before it was fairly light, the night herder, George White, got up and called some of us to go out with him after the cattle.
"I don't believe there's any Indians

about,' he said to me, 'and the boss will be wanting to yoke up.

"'All right,' I replied, 'Wait until I four miles away. get my boots on and we will all go "'Hurry up, then,' said White. Till just go up to the top of that little knoll and wait till you fellows come. Maybe I can see the cattle from

"In two or three minutes those of us whom White had called had pulled on our stockings and boots and started out of the corral after him. I jumped onto the herd pony, which was feeding close to the wagon, using his picket rope for a bridle, and started off a little to the right of the boys, who were straggling along up the hill. Suddenly the one in the lead called to me, and riding quickly up to him, I saw just over the row of the hill a man lying flat on his back, his body stuck full of arrows. He was not only dead, but had been scalped, and his whiskers had been aken, too. The boys quickly lifted the body up and placed it across the horse in front of me. In the dim light we had as yet seen no Indians, but as soon as we turned toward camp they

sprang up out of the grass and at-tempted to cut us off. "Arrows whizzed all around us. My pony was struck in the flank by one and he reached the wagons before the boys had fairly started, but from the hill to the corral it was not more than 50 or 60 yards, and all got in safely. Not one of us was hit by the shower of arrows. For a few minutes all was quiet, and then, from all directions, mounted Indians began to appear shouting and brandishing their gaudy shields as they circled about us. Most of them were armed with bows and ar-rows only, but a few had guns, and they fired at us as fast as they could load them. We shot back, but so far as we knew we did not hit any of them. They took good care to keep beyond our range.

"After riding and whooping about for half an hour or more they withdrew, and we hoped they had left for good; but Revols assured us that they good; but Revois assured us that they would be back again, and sure enough, about 4 o'clock they reappeared and gave us another exhibition of their horsemanship as they circled around the corral. Revois said that we were in for a regular siege, and after a long talk with Holmes he told us that as soon as it was dark he would slip out of the camp and try to find the Gros soon as it was dark he would slip out of the camp and try to find the Gros Ventres and bring him to our aid. These Indians were hereditary foes of the Sioux, and he had no doubt they would be glad to help us. We buried poor White that evening digging the grave in the center of the corral. Parameter of the corral. grave in the center of the corral. Re-vois sneaked out of the camp about 9 o'clock and after listening for an hour or more for the sound of his gun—he said he would shoot if the Sioux discovered him-we put on a guard of 20 men, and the rest lay down to get a little sleep.

"Revois did not return for four days and during that time the Sioux came up every morning and evening, and ometimes oftener. One day a lone redskin on foot was seen approaching the corral. We let him come in, and he began talking and making signs. but of course we could not understand him. The cook gave him a plate of food and a cup of coffee, and while he was eating we saw three more of them oming up; and as they neared the orral still another little band appeared, all of them on foot and with-

'Ah ha!' said Holmes, 'That's your

game, is it? Boys, just grab that fellow and tie him up.' "The minute we seized the fellow he gave a loud yell ,and the others who were coming up turned around and ran back as fast as they could, and we helped them along with a few rifle shots. The boys were feeling pretty blue over White's awful death, and many were in favor of killing our cap-

tive to avenge it; but it seemed to most of us a cowardly thing to do, and we finally compromised the matter by shearing off his flowing locks and letting him go. This was the most in-sulting thing we could have done to him, and, although he never uttered a word or flinched while undergoing the operation, the expression on his face satisfied us that he was suffering as much as if we had killed him by inches

"About midnight of the fourth day, Revols came in with 300 Gros Ventres; he had found their camp over on the Missouri at Cow island, and they had been greatly pleased to have a chance of a battle with their old enemies. Revois said they had left their horses about five miles back, in charge of 15 or 20 young men, who would be on the lookout, and bring them up as soon as the battle opened. We told him from which direction the Sioux came when they charged around us every day, and a little while before daylight he went out and placed our allies in the form of an inverted V; at the apex a wide gap was left for the enemy to enter; at the mouth of it was our cor-The Gros Ventres showed considral. skill in concealing themselves on that seemingly bare prairie. Where the grass was short they covered themselves with armfuls of it which they plucked; others got into little hollows, or behind a slump of sage-brush, while a few burrowed into the ground like a badger. At sunrise I got up on a wagon and looked carefully for a sign of them, but not one was to

be seen. "No breakfast was cooked that morning; we were too excited to eat. and impatiently waited for the Sioux to appear. About 9 o'clock they came in sight, gracefully riding their prancing ponies, and shouting and singing, as usual. We fairly held our breath as we watched them, fearing they would discover the trap laid for them and escape. But on they came, never think-ing that they were, many of them, riding straight to their death. Suddenly the Gros Ventres, with yells of joy and hatred, sprang up and closed in be-hind them, and the two long wings advanced, shooting their guns and arrows as they charged.

"For a moment the Sioux paused, and then, realizing the situation, swept down the ever narrowing lane as fast as they could urge their horses. Already many of them had fallen, and as they came on they began to drop faster and faster. They were so thor-oughly surprised and frightened that they did not try to fight, but thought only of escape. We were now to have our chance at them, and as they swept by on each side of us we emptied our rifles and revolvers at them, tumbling a number from their saddles and some-times bringing down both horse and rider with a thud. In a minute they had passed beyond our range, and we rushed out, each one of us anxious to secure a shield or other trophy of the fight. The Gros Ventres were busy scalping the dead and wounded, fin-ishing the job by braining each one with their war clubs to be doubly sure ne was a dead Sioux. In a little while their rear guard brought up their ponies and they mounted and rode off on the trail of the fleeing enemy, Whether they overtook and killed any more or not I never knew.

"Breakfast over, a lot of us went out to look for the cattle, which we found contentedly grazing from two to By 3 o'clock we again strung out on the trail. Toward evening our allies began to come in, and we camped early and helped the cooks prepare supper for them. As soon as it was dark they built a

countable for any shortage in the freight in his wagon.

"Nothing is so unpardonable to "Nothing is so unpardonable to an Indian as to strike him, and we realized that if they chose to resent the insult we would be in serious trouble. Holmes told Revois to inform the Gros Ventre chief that the man who had slapped his follower would be given up if they wanted him, and they could do what they pleased with him. In this we all agreed; we not only felt chagrined that a party who had done so much for us should receive such a return for their kindness, but were also turn for their kindness, but were all exasperated with the drunken ruffian who had insulted them and thereby imperiled our lives. Everyone said that he deserved any punishment the Gros Ventres would choose to inflict. While we were discussing the matter Wright ran out of the corral and disappeared in the darkness, calling out as he

Holmes, I'll get even with you for

this "Revois finally pacified the Indians, but they did not dance any more that night. They kept company with us for three days and then left for their camp on the Missouri, happy in the posses-sion of over a hundred pounds of to-bacco and a lot of powder and balls which Holmes had distributed among

"In due time we reached Fort Benton, and as soon as we camped some of Holmes' friends came over to the corral and told him that Wright was there and had sworn he would kill him on sight. Holmes laughed and said he wasn't afraid of him, and just then someone called out that he was coming. When about a hundred yards from us he drew his revolver, and then Holmes drew his and walked out toward him. They began firing at each other almost immediately, and by the time they had emptied their pistols were face to face, and simultaneously attempted to use their knives; but both were mortally wounded and, falling down in the grass, expired before we could reach them. Then there was not a man of us but blamed himself for not taking his rifle and shooting the desperado when he first came in sight; but it was too late then to say the could be seen the say that we should be cauld have done what we should or could have done, and after burying Holmes, than whom a braver and kinder man never lived, we started on for Helena under the

leadership of Missouri Joe.
"Such was the life of a bullwhacker

ONE MINUTE MADE HIM RICH. An Indiana Farmer Discovers Gold in a Barren Field.

There is a moment in the life of William H. Bryant of Bedford, Ind., which vividly recalls the startling incidents of the min-ing excitement of '49. In that moment he was made to realize that his half hun-dred sterile acres, on which he had tried in vain to raise a reasonable crop of rain, was not an ordinary farm, but a

bed of gold. Mr. Bryant's farm is just at the outskirts of the tiny hamlet of Bryantsville, which is ten miles southwest of Bedford. About half the farm is made up of rocky ledges, with great bowlders that appear to have remained undisturbed for ages armer Bryant, who has for many years worked early and late to get his stony fields under cultivation, often noticed the flashes of light which came from the bowlders in the middle of the day when the rays of the sun fell upon them; but although he often wendered at this, it was not until recently that he determined to make a careful investigation to ascertain the cause. Then he found running through the rocks a series of streaks of a peculiar formation; in all the rock which covered the greater extent of his farm, these metallic streaks were discernible A week's labor and study convinced him that the veins contained copper, and in this belief the farmer loaded his wagon with the peculiar stones and drove off to

Bedford.
The foundrymen, however, were convinced at the first glance that there was not even a suggestion of copper in the ore. Not at all satisfied with this opin-

at least \$150 of gold to the ton. Whether eneath the surface there are still richer deposits has not yet been determined and

annot be until a shaft is sunk. In the short time which has followed since the finding of the gold, the whole course of Mr. Bryant's life has been changed, and the more fertile parts of the farm, which before were so carefully looked after, are now neglected in favor of the rocks which were formerly such an

eyesore.

Although mining, in the full sense of the term, has not yet been begun, and must wait until the arrival of expensive and complicated machinery, the work of making Mr. Bryant a Monte Christo has already commenced; for what may be called surface mining is being done in the way of collecting all the loose quartz that s scattered about.

Two Texan Colonels

From the New York Journal. 'Yes, sah, that's me, sah, Percy Hardy, Kunnel Percy Hardy when I'm at home in Texas, sah. An' this puson yeh is Kunnel Jim Scott, also of Texas, sah, Shelbyville, Texas—down when the long-horned cattle come from, sah. We all had jes' sol' ouah steers an' wah a seein' what so'tah lace you all had yeh."

Thus spake a tall, dignified-looking man in a slouch hat and a Prince Albert coat, when the policeman on the bridge of the Center street court called the names of "James Scott and Percy Hardy" yesterday morning. The man introduced as "Colonel Jim Scott" was as short and round as his companion was tall and lank.

"Well Colonel Hardy and Colonel Scott, you are both charged by this officer with being drunk and fighting in the Bowery at a late hour last night," said Magistrate Simms. 'you to say to the charge?" "What have

"Yo' honah," said Colonel Hardy, straightening up to his full height, "mah friend, Kunnel Scott, was ceht'n'ly a little the wose feh the lickah he had in him, but I should have keered foh him like a brothah, sah, an' seen that he didn't git into no trouble whatevah, sah. The Kunnel an' myse'f had left ouah guns at ouah hotel, sah, so's it's a self-evident fact hotel, sah, so's it's a self-evident fact that we couldn't have done no fightin' to speak of, sah, no mattah what this

to speak of, sah, no mattah what this yeah police officah says."

"The big fellow was hammering the little one when I arrested them," said Detective Coyle, of the Elizabeth street station, "and the little one said that he would lodge a complaint against him."

"An' I'm prepared to do so, sah!" said Colonel Scott, speaking for the first time. "That man is man friend, judge, an' I come up yeh from Texas along with him. But I want to say right yeh. sah, that Kunnel Percy Hardy has been a-persecutin' me for 20 yeahs, sah!"

"Persecuting you for 20 years?" queried the court, gently.
"Yes, sah, foh all that time, sah. We have always been friends, but he has always bothahed me, sah, one way

an' anothah." "In what way?" asked the magis-trate, while Colonel Hardy tared at Colonel Scott in open-mouthed astonishment.

"In various ways, sah, One time he got up a lynchin' down in Texas an' he nevah said nothin' about it to me, sah, his best fren, till it was all ovah. He assaulted me in the streets of Galveston one night, right aftan Gov'nah, Culberson's election, two yeahs ago, an' now he's assaulted me again, sah, yeh in a strange city, jes' when we all was takin' a drink ovah the good news that Texas was still democratic.'

"I had to hit him, yo' honah," put in Colonel Hardy. "He was makin a confounded ass of himse'f an disgracouah common state, sah; but about that lynchin', sah, it wasn't my lynch-in', an' I did staht a boy on a mule aftah him as soon as it looked as if the

lynchin' was comin' off." "Three dollars for the assault," said

WHEN PAWPAWS ARE RIPE. The Golden Fruit as Found in an Indiana

From the Independent.

An alluvial soil, coated with a deep leaf mould and somewhat silicious, is what the tree chooses to grow in; and it likes to be oversnadowed. I find the best fruit maturing in thick woods of plane, tulip and maple on the flatlands close to brook sides. There is a damp, rich, musty smell by which, in the twillet of uch a forest, you may distinguish the atmosphere dear to the pawpaw. Here the woodthrush, the muse of crepuscular groves, flutes a mellow strain at intervals, and all around chatter ground squirrels and nuthatches. On the hillsides near by the cypripedium, in its season, flaunts its rose-purple reticule. There, too, the black haw (Viburnumlentags) ripens its flat, shining berries of licorice candy. An alluvial soil, coated with a deep

Get out your bicycle for a six-mile spin into the Sugar Creek hills. We will take the Balhinch road and pedal diligently toward the Liewellen neighborhood, just this side of which is a wood I wot of where clumps of asimina triloba dance down a gentle slope bordering the brook called Indian bordering the brook called Indian creek, a few miles from its mouth in Sugar. And what a breeze to whiri through and what a road of packed gravel to fly upon! Over the black fields on either hand the autumn wheat is making a thin wash of green, and the Indian corn stands in conical shocks primly ranged. Many-colored cattle wade knee deep in the third growth of clover, while flocks of sheep snip the blue grass.

Yonder is the wood. A high barbed wire fence girds it in, with not an outside gate to let us through. Well, hang up the wheels in this wayside copse and I'll show you how to beat the barbs. Take off your coat, so; hang it across the top wire beside the post, so; and now shin up the post and scramble over where the coat covers the points. It is a trite trick, but fairly growd. Behold the sign against

ers the points. It is a trite trick, but fairly good. Behold the sign against which we set our sinful natures: "No trespassing on this farm." It is let-tered on a board conspicuously nailed to a tree. Stolen fruit may be sweet, but I suggest that we go to you man at work beside a straw rick and nego-

Now we are light-hearted. We may take all we want and welcome. Like take all we want and welcome. Like two schoolboys, away we scamper, and what a downfall of odorous fruit we find. Long, banana-like, brown and yellow, the heavy custard apples almost cover the ground in some places, while a few crowded clusters still hang on the boughs. First we eat our fill; then we cram our haversacks full of the choicest specimens. All the way back home we are fragrant and hapback home we are fragrant and hap-py. We have realized our autumn dream.

I may be crude of taste and some-what savage—think what you will— yet the smack of a pawpaw goes through me with a multiform thrill. It is sweet with all the sweets of past days and years of lingerings and truancies. Yesterday a strong woodcock took wing near my toes in a wild cus-tard grove, and I had neither bow nor tard grove, and I had neither bow nor gun; but, munching my savage fruit, I recalled in one second each oozy cripple that I ever shot over from Canada to Florida. The twang of the bow cord, the boom of the gun, the camp fires, and the savory broilings; they rushed into my brain and went tingling from heart center to outmost extremities—all on account of a paw-

tingling from heart center to outmost extremities—all on account of a paw-paw and a flushed woodcock!

There is a mingling of a hundred fine sweets and savory tangs in the juice of this rank apple, and it goes well with spitted, dark-fleshed game. What a manifold sauce it is for a lumbar on a mossy log beside a luncheon on a mossy log beside a spring ahead! Three spitted doves of the latest summer hatching and an overripe pawpaw—there is a feast for the Pan of the West

the Pan of the West!
But year by year this golden ambrosial fruit 's disappearing. The farmer's axe whacks down all the sturdy clumps and no man plants seeds for future orchards. From Indiana to Georgia how few of the once flourishing pawpaw thickets are left for the poet and the virile man of the woods to lounge in while feasting on the savage rolls of custard!

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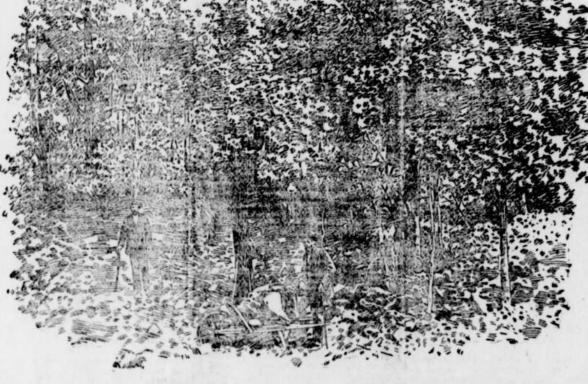
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SURFACE MINING AT NEWLY DISCOVERED GOLD MINE NEAR B RYANTSVILLE, INDIANA.

fire in the center of the corral | ion, Mr. Bryant decided to see a local | the magistrate; "the lynching was outand had a scalp dance. We all sat around, looking on, and not a few of us were rather uneasy, especially those like myself, unused to Indians and their ways. As they danced by us they would swing their war clubs over our heads, or point their guns and ar-rows at our breasts. Suppose they should attack us, I thought, what show would we have against 300 armed Indians? Revois, however, assured us that there would be no harm done, and as he sat with the chief, smoking a long-stemmed pipe, and talkand laughing, we felt somewhat

easier. "Suddenly there was an outery among the Indians over on the right side of the corral, and in less than a minute not one was to be seen. Revois, who had run out with them, came back presently and told Holmes that one of our men had slapped a dancer in the face, and then someone said that he had seen Dan Wright do it. This Wright was a bad man. He had been driven out of Virginia City by the vigilantes and Holmes had hired him because he could get no one else at the time we were leaving Helena. Wright's wagon was loaded with high wines, and several times on the road he had acted as if partly drunk. Once Holmes noticed him and reprimanded him pretty sharply, telling him, too,

erologist. Into the office of this specialist the farmer walked with undecided step, feeling half-hearted after his reception at the foundry. He presented a chunk of the rock. "What is this, anyway?" he asked. "Gold," exclaimed the minerologist.

The minute that followed this announce ment was the most eventful one in the life of Mr. Bryant. As he explained afterwards, he knew from the manner in which the one word "gold" was uttered that the speaker meant it.

"Yes, it's gold," he repeated, as Mr. Bryant grasped his arm, unable to speak. "Where did it come from?" But Mr. Bryant was in no mood for ex-

planations. He asked if there were not some regular test that could be made that would determine beyond doubt the presence of gold. He was told that there was and the regular tests followed. In an hour Mr. Bryant knew the result—that there was gold in the stone, and that his entire farm was in all probability a rich mine of the precious metal.

So Mr. Bryant, who had gone into the little office a poor man, walked out a mine owner. It was quite natural that Bryant should desire to keep his treasure a secret, so there are few beyond his im-mediate family who know of its exist-

Experts, however, were taken to see the deposit. They found that the rocky tract of many acres was veined with quartz that he would be held strictly ac- which, it has been estimated, will yield gists.

side of this court's jurisdiction."

The two colonels left the court room arm in arm after Colonel Scott had transacted the formal business attend-ing the liquidation of Colonel Hardy's

"My!" said the visitor, who called in 1902; "what a big boy Tommy is get-"Yes, indeed," said his fond mother;

'he is riding his third wheel. HOW TO PREVENT CROUP.

some Reading That Will Prove Interesting to Young Mothers-How to Guard Against the Disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a com-mon cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarse ness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the ci ild first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it con-tains nothing injurious. For sale by drug-